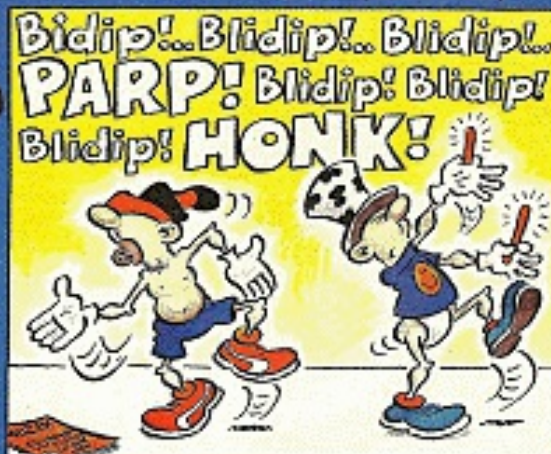
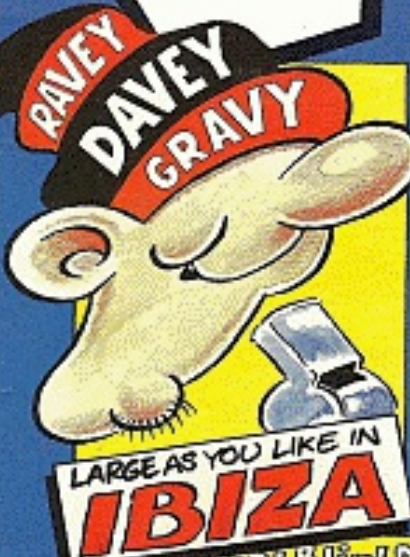


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**PROFANISAURUS**

**UPDATE**

couchtripper.com (thanks to PriestFan)





# THE ADVENTURES of BILLY CONNOLLY





# RONAN the BARBARIAN!

A 'PUNNY' headline thought up in a Fleet Street pub yesterday lunchtime sparked a desperate search for a story to match it.

But as journalists across the country last night combed their brains, hopes were fading that a vaguely appropriate 600-word article would be cobbled together in time.

Sun editor David Yelland said: "The fact that Ronan Keating lives such a squeaky-clean lifestyle is hampering the search, but we are leaving no stone unturned."

## Singer

Hopes were raised briefly when a sub-editor walking his dog remembered that the Boyzone singer once rode a motorbike.

## Hillman

The lead was followed up, but ended in disapp-

## EXCLUSIVE!

**Boyzone headline sparks desperate search for story.**



limit and shown courtesy to other road users.

## Riley

At a hastily arranged press conference, a tearful Nick Gates, the reporter who thought of the headline made a direct appeal to Ronan Keating: "Please, wherever you are, do something a bit barbaric."

## Sunbeam

"Trash a small hotel room or have a fight outside a nightclub. Even if it's just posing for photographs in a Viking hat, please do something so I can use my headline."



Keating (above) - civilised, and reporter Nick Gates (below left) overcome at press conference

## Eggs not eggs- claim

EGGS aren't eggs! And that's as sure as eggs are eggs, which they aren't!

That's the conclusion of a report by leading egg-head scientists at the University of Miami who have spent the last three years looking at what eggs are.

But if they're not eggs, what are they?

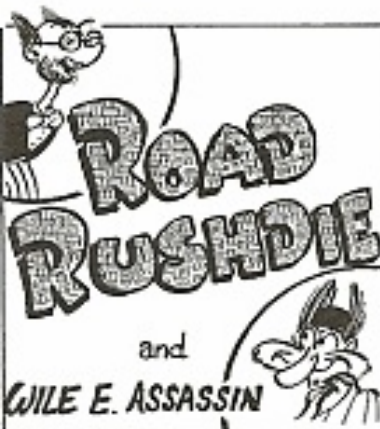
"No one can say for sure," says the report's author Professor Dwight Kolchinsky. "All we know for certain is that they ain't eggs."

## A PINT AND A FIGHT



## A GREAT BRITISH NIGHT

Issued by the Licensed Victuallers Association



CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



# Letterbox

## Star Letter

□ These so-called speed humps are a joke. If anything they slow you down.

Tim Wakefield  
Surrey

□ "I would trust him about as far as I could throw him" my mother used to say about my father. But then we are a family of travelling acrobats, so I assume it meant she trusted him quite a lot.

Chris Mapperly  
e mail

Do you have something to say? No? Then write to Letterbox. There's a Royal Consumption mug for every letter and tip we print.

Letterbox  
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Fax 0191 2414244  
email viz.comic@virgin.net



□ I was fortunate enough to attend a fashion show the other day, and was taken by how slim and attractive all the models looked. What a shame it is that more women can't make the effort to keep their weight down.

H. Copy  
York

□ These so called boffins who keep telling us not to look directly at the sun during the eclipse are talking out of their arses. Don't they know that during an eclipse nobody can look directly into the sun as a fucking great big moon is in the way.

P. Moore  
Selsey

## Only fools in arses

□ My dog has just had a nine inch worm removed from its arse-hole, which bears a striking resemblance to Nicholas Lyndhurst. And it was probably better at acting.

Jenny Al-Fayed  
Welton

□ Our upstairs neighbour's cat, Dusty died the other day. And what with Dusty Springfield throwing a seven the other month, I reckon Ted Rogers should get the measuring tape out for Dusty Bin.

Simon Onion  
St. Chives



## Who he?

□ I'm a ticket inspector on the trains. Whilst doing my duties, I saw Tom Baker of Dr. Who fame, and being a big fan I told him that I thought he was great as the time-travelling master



of mystery. He told me to piss off, as he had played more satisfying roles on other programmes and Dr. Who was a stop-gap job. What a twat. Can any readers remember him in any other roles, and was he any good?

Robert Hall  
e. mail

Does anyone remember what Tom's more satisfying roles were? We know he does the voice-over on a Franklin Mint figurine advert on Cartoon Network, but after that we are at a loss. Perhaps he played the lead in a prestigious costume drama production, or maybe he was one of the Black and White Minstrels. If you know what else Tom 'Dr. Who' Baker has been in, write and let us know. Mark your envelope "I've seen Dr. Who in something else".

It's the letters page who's Grandad smoked 60 a day... and lived to be 94!

## Big 'C' down under

□ It's nice to see a big star like Robbie Williams fronting the British 'Testicular Cancer Awareness Campaign'. Here in Australia, we have to make do with a cartoon of Mark Hughes checking his pills in a shower.

Mick Noble  
Brisbane.



□ My favourite sexual fantasy is to be tossed off by Jeremy Beadle with his deformed hand, whilst 70's novelty popsters 'The Wurzels' sit around watching, occasionally moaning "Oo-aaaaaar" to heighten the erotic ambience. Can any of your readers beat that?

N.N.  
North Yorkshire

□ Whilst watching Hale and Pace the other day, I couldn't help noticing that my toenails needed clipping.

B.H. Albion  
Gillingham



## SHAGWATCH!

WE ASKED you to tell us about any stars you've shagged, what they were like and anything kinky they asked you to do. The response was, however, a little disappointing - just a handful of anecdotes including one about Philippa Forrester which we don't believe, and one about Leslie Ash which we do. Maybe you're a little shy, or maybe the stars aren't the sex-machines we all imagine them to be. Or maybe you just forgot you shagged them.

## here's one he made earlier

□ I haven't shagged anybody famous, but I've done the next best thing. I went up town on the piss one night with my mates and pulled this bird with enormous tits. I got back to her hotel and shagged the arse off her. Anyway, it turned out that she was going out with that John Leslie off Blue Peter, which made it an all the more pleasurable experience, I can tell you.

J. Taylor  
Crawley



□ I've never shagged anyone famous, but I once met this Canadian bird who told me the worst shag she ever had was off Phil Collins' keyboard player. Apparently, she was ripped to the tits on drugs in a Toronto hotel room and he was in and out in two pumps.

Pete  
London



HELLO GIRLS!

The Kirk Douglas Chin Bra Collection



□ I don't understand all the fuss about this 1999/2000 thing, aeroplanes falling out of the sky, computers crashing, etc. This never happened in 1899/1900, although a boat hit some ice and sank, but that was years later.

Keith the Shrimper  
New York

## Laurie passes bus

□ On Saturday, 3rd July whilst driving in Hampstead, I saw Hugh Laurie riding a push bike. He decided to overtake a parked bus, and pulled out without looking over his



shoulder. A Renault Clio coming up behind nearly dispatched the thespian to actors' heaven. He wasn't even wearing a crash helmet. I know he makes a living playing upper class idiots, but what can I say. Have any other readers seen a celebrity have a brush with the grim reaper?

Tony Jauncey  
e-mail



□ Talking of two-wheeled celebrities, we passed Ron Haslam in our Saab 900 on the M18 on Saturday 10th July, and we were only doing about 70. 'Rocker' Ron, my arse. Mind you, he was driving a Luton van.

M. Walker  
Northampton

## A doctor writes

□ So Jed Mercurio has written another TV series has he? The Grimleys are about as true to life as the Addams family. We knew him when he was a doctor here and we can't believe that the BBC pay tossers like him thousands for churning out rubbish like 'Cardiac Arrest', with the doctors doing all the work with never a nurse to be found, unless it's in a broom cupboard being shagged by a doctor. Wake up to the real world, Jed and fuck off.

The staff of ward D20  
New Cross Hospital

□ How about a 'Lonely Hearts' section on the letters page? I'll start the ball rolling.  
"Male, 26, non-smoker, seeks attractive girl, 18-25 for good times and possible romance. Single parents welcome. Sorry, no DSS."

John Bush  
Oldham

□ Hi. How it going! Lars Grenninger is my call. The Viz is my funny read ever since years three ago. Laugh! Yes my sides broken good with the giggle. I search friend to write. My likes are cycling, read books and dinosaurs, ten inch cock. Bye.

L. Grenninger  
Spitsbergen

## Highland fling

□ What a rip-off these so called Scottish Widows are. The one they advertise on telly is a real gorgeous, classy tart, but when I fixed myself up with one from the 'Encounters' section of the Glasgow Herald, she turned out to be a right old boiler living in a council flat in Motherwell.

Jamie McSparran  
Glasgow

□ Surely all the speculation of the nature of 'black holes' and 'anti matter' in Steven Hawking's book 'A



## The now almost certainly still alive Cyril Fletcher's PHOTO CORNER

Thank you, Esther.

This week, I am indebted to Dr. Robert James Carr, who got a 'nazi' shock when he spotted what appeared to be Mr. Adolph Hitler at a school in Turkey (right).

And my heartfelt thanks go to Dave from Glasgow, who sent a clipping (below, left) from a contact magazine featuring a gentleman who he tells me bears an uncanny resemblance to a cartoon drawing entitled Cockney Wanker, in the adult humour magazine Viz. I may buy a copy as I am reliably informed I have a column in it.

Furthermore, I was intrigued to read in the Daily Telegraph recently, that it was my 86th birthday. So I can only conclude that I am still alive, which came as quite a surprise. In fact, I almost died of shock!

And finally, I cannot recall an occasion when I felt the need to have my testicles mutilated beyond surgical repair. However, should this requirement arise, then this device, (below, right) which has been brought to my attention by Mr. James F. Wilson of Tampa, Florida, would apparently perform the task admirably. Esther...



Brief History of Time' is just a lot of fuss over nothing.

P. Mower  
e-mail

## My old Dutch oven

□ Now I've been going out with my girlfriend for some time, it seems to be okay when I break wind in

bed. It's when I follow through that the petty arguments begin. I will honestly never understand women.

Chris Mapply  
Carshalton

□ I was just wondering if they served "Walls Vientia" at the last supper as we always have it on special occasions

CGB  
e-mail



## Poxy- moron

□ On the subject of Esther Rantzen claiming an unpleasant child is a contradiction in terms (Letterbox, Issue 96). If this is true, I can only conclude that she has never met her own son, Josh. I was at school with him, and never before have I met such a twat in my entire life.

Chris  
Bristol

### Cheese Football Results

Wensleydale 1 Cheddar 2  
Red Leicester 0 Dairy Lea 1  
Cracker Barrel 1 Stilton 1

### European Cup 3rd Round 2nd leg

Gorgonzola 2 Parmesan 2  
(3-2 on aggregate)



# TOP TIPs

**MOBILE** phone users. Call somebody on your phone, leave it switched on and put it in your lunch-box. In a few minutes you will have lovely toasted sandwiches.

F. Lenehan  
e mail

**WHEN** struggling to multiply numbers by 8, just multiply them by 10 instead. Then take a bit off.

Paco Temple  
Leamington Spa

**OLD** people in supermarkets. A polite "Excuse me, please" is much more effective than glaring theatrically at someone's back, tutting to yourself.

Mark Glover  
Coventry

**ANTIQU** owners. Get a realistic value for your item by taking it along to Ronnie Barker's antique shop and multiplying whatever he offers you by ten.

B. Hawks  
Chester

**SAVE** money on expensive in-car air conditioning by holding a seance in the vehicle. The poltergeists invoked will result in the car interior being several degrees cooler than the outside air temperature.

R. Warskyj  
Dundee

**LADIES.** Once you've established that your husband definitely has had an affair, don't make his life a misery by continually questioning him about it.

Lorenzo Brown  
Leicester

**FLAT** pack furniture buyers. Be careful not to throw away any packaging. That flimsy bit of cardboard may well be an integral part of your new wardrobe.

Paul Allen  
Manchester

Treat yourself...  
**Have an affair!**



The Royal Society for the  
Promotion of Marital Infidelity

Patron: H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh

# Roger's PROFANISAURUS UPDATE

**THERE'S** nothing big or clever about swearing. So a big thank you to all the shit-thick short arses who've kept the expletives, euphemisms and colourful obscenities rolling in to Roger's Profanisaurus. Here's another foul-mouthed pot-pourri of some of the one's we've received. Keep them coming, and watch out for a brand new Profanisaurus, **FREE WITH THE NEXT ISSUE OF VIZ, ON SALE OCTOBER 1st**



we may paper our kex."

**mumrar** *n.* The act of sneaking up behind your mother and shouting RAR!

**necking turds** *v.* Descriptive of one suffering from halitosis. As in, "Excuse me, madam, I don't wish to appear rude, but have you been necking turds?"

**pace car euph.** Of paying a sit down visit. The slow, unaerodynamic leading turd that once out of the way, allows the fast, souped-up bastards behind it to put their foot down.

**ragman's coat euph.** Turkey's wattle; raggy blatt. An untidy vagina.

**spice island euph.** A foul smelling archipelago favoured by sailors on their trips around the world. The anus.

**throwabout** *n.* A petite woman who can be easily and casually 'thrown about' from one position to another during sex.

**wizard's sleeve euph.** Clown's pocket. A particularly capacious sausage wallet. As in "I can't feel a bloody thing. You must have a fanny like a wizard's sleeve."

**wobbly landing euph.** Trying, when drunk, to moor your under-inflated zipper zeppelin into your wife's hairy hanger.

**barber's pole euph.** Result of parting the whiskers while the painters are in.

**beer scooter** *n.* Miraculous method of transport employed when leaving the pub after drinking large amounts of beer. So called due to the 'lost time' effect when returning home seemingly in no time and at incredible velocity.

**Charlie Dimmock's nipple euph.** Term used by vicars to describe the hat-pegs in their chapels.

**collus Interruptus Cath. Lat.** Method employed by God to prevent the birth of Meatloaf's daughter (qv) whereby the doorbell rings just as you are laying the foundations of a log cabin.

**crafty butcher euph.** A male homosexual, i.e. a man who likes to take his meat around the back.

**crescent wank** *n.* To arrange one's favourite jazz periodicals in a half-moon display, before kneeling down to perform a be-bop solo on the spunk trumpet.

**dead otter euph.** A single stool of immense proportions.

**docker's omelette** *n.* A glistening goblet of rubbery phlegm with remarkable anti-traction properties. A gold watch.

**dreadnought** *n.* Even bigger than a dead otter (qv).

**driving range euph.** The perineum. Where you hit your balls when practising with your wood.

**eating sushi off a barber-shop floor sim.** Cumulonimbus.

**face fannies euph.** Bugger's grips; sideburns. As sported by 'Rocket' Ron Haslam, Sir Rhodes Boyson and the singer out of 'Superglass'.

**fuckshitfuckshitfuckshit exclm.** Phrase uttered when driving a car through a particularly tight space at too high a speed.

**greyhound euph.** A very short skirt, i.e. only one inch from the 'hair'.

**horse's handbrake euph.** A diamond cutter; a raging bone-on.

**L.R.F. abbrev.** Low resolution fox - a female who appears to be attractive from a long distance, but is in fact unbelievably ugly close up.

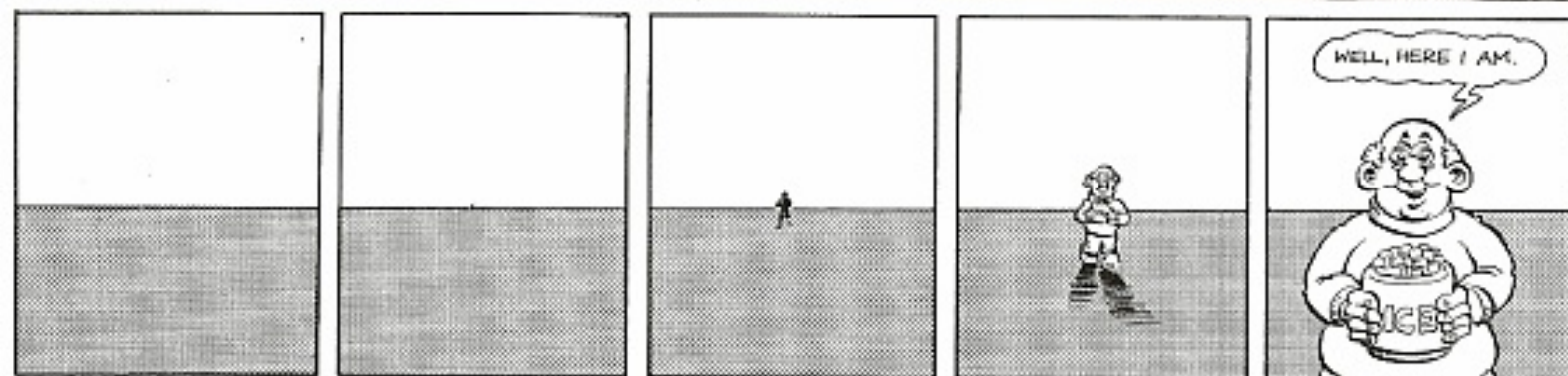
**lung warts euph.** Small tits.

**Meatloaf's daughter euph.** See dreadnought.

**menage a une Ft. euph.** A one-in-a-bed romp. A wank.

**Mr. Brown's at the window euph.** To have the turtle's head. First used by Queen Victoria. "Prey forgive us, Mr. Gladstone, but we cannot receive you at the moment. Mr. Brown is at the window, and we fear

# THE ICEMAN COMETH





# YOUR TOP 100

# Borderline

**In** issue 95, we asked you to nominate your Borderline Boilers, the kind of birds who are no oil paintings, but still manage to wet your palate. And you didn't let us down, sending in your favourite 'certain angle stunners' from stage, screen, sport and pop. Such was your response that we've been able to compile a chart of your top 100 rub-a-tug-boats - the Monkey Wrenches that tighten your nuts.

## 1 Ginger Spice

**Bitter and lonely ex-Girl-Power knicker flasher**

Ginger Spice Geri Halliwell, despite being a porker-faced attention-craver of indeterminate vintage, is nevertheless, thanks to her big tits, what a lot of blokes really, really want. "I'd love my cock '2 become 1' with her ginger tanny," says Viz reader, the Rev. James Foucault, of Tiuro.

## 2 Anne McKevitt

**Tiny carrot-topped Scott mott**



She may need a ladder to paint the skirting board, but this strangely attractive bit of skirt is a welcome decoration to the Top Ten, and narrowly misses being your Top Dog.

"She's okay by me," writes T. Sinclair of Stoke. "I wouldn't mind being the wallpaper in her changing room when she's stripping. And I'd provide my own paste."

## 3 Jilly Goolden

**Elfin wine-guzzling gobshite**



## 4 Monica Lewinsky

**Ex-Whitehouse Intern & Presidential spam flautist**

Monica Lewinsky is a 'jizzy-frocked' testoterollercoater. You look at her and think 'she's alright'. Then you notice how fat she is. Then you remember she swallows. "Chubby or not, I'd like to pop my slick willy into her oval orifice, I can tell you," writes J. Cursor of Bristol.



## 5 Charlie Dimmock

**Bra-less peanut-smuggling TV gardener**



Bonnie Bin! Charlie is everybody's darling. With her dugs bouncing as she digs, there's healthy stalks of rhubarb springing up in every middle-aged viewer's Y-front garden. "She might look a bit like a bloke, but I wouldn't turf her out of my flower bed, and that's for sure. Mind you, I'm desperate," confesses Mr. B. Gervasio of Lincoln.

Woof! Woof! Sweet Sue was the darling of the Centre Court in the late seventies and romantically linked to Cliff Richard, if such a thing is possible. Despite her 'Lord Snowdon-like' face, it's 'A Question of Spurt' whenever she's on the telly. "I'm sure she'd make a racquet if I smashed my balls into her service box. And I'd soon have her love deuces flowing with a skilful forehand stroke. Ace!" writes Bertie from Merseyside.

## 8 Carol Vorderman

**Leggy TV maths brainbox**

Cambridge educated Carol reaches number 8 in our countdown of the top 100 'Happy Shopper Beauties'. And with a third class maths degree and second class looks, she adds up to a first class borderline baller. "She's never off the telly," writes Phil Crowther of Bolton. "So I'm consonantly on the bank."



## 6 Sian Lloyd

**David Coulthard-jawed weather-girl**

With her 'fates-of-the-Unexpected' style hand-movements, and her 'go to bed' eyes, Sian gets men's



weathercocks spinning in her direction. "Granted, she's a bit long in the tooth" writes Mr. Gusset of Edinburgh, "but have you seen the size of her gob? I reckon you could get it in up to the nuts with room to spare. I'd probably send a few 'scattered showers' in her direction if she was up for it." "She certainly gets my temperature rising. I wouldn't mind putting some high pressure up her warm front," adds S. Cooksley of Orpington.

## 7 Sue Barker

**Ex-tennis pro & TV presenter**





# Boilers



## 9 Sophie Dahl Sexy cake monster

Sophie's your choice at number 9. A top class model and real stunner, who's voracious eating habits leave her with one foot in the boilerhouse. "After a hard day's work, there's nothing I'd like more than a long lie down on a well upholstered Sophie," says Turtie of Chiswick.

## 10 Helen Mirren Ageing nymphet



Voted the sexiest woman in the world back in the sixties, the intervening decades have battered her once riveting looks and now she's a bit of a baller. However, time has not withered her enthusiasm for getting her kit off, which we suspect may account for her prime position in your Top 100 Blat Chart.

"Unlike her namesake Helen of Troy, her face could only launch about three ships. Mind you, she could launch my skin boat any time she liked. Up her snatch," says Viz reader Ian Oxton of Dundee.

**11 Fergie**  
Toe-gobbling Duchess of Park

**12 Barbara Windsor**  
Bubbly cockney EastEnders landlady

**13 Anika Rice**  
Wide-arsed, toothsome TV personality

**14 Cheri Lunghi**  
Kenko Coffee woman

**15 Anna Ryder-Richardson**  
Tiny-titled bone-bag

**16 Maggie Philbin**  
Swap Shop ex-Mrs. Chiggers

**17 Ruby Wax**  
Gobby Yank

**18 Julia Somerville**  
Poor man's Anna Ford

**19 Tina Turner**  
Wobbly-thighed lip cutter



**20 Katie Puckrick**  
Stunner (next to Huffy)

**21 Margee Clarke**  
Frightening Street Star

**22 Cheryl Baker**  
Crusty batch loaf

**23 Suzi Quatro**  
Leather-clad moustachioed Rocker

**24 Gina McKee**  
Lovely high-class actress - but nose and jaw not quite right

**25 Venus Williams**  
Tennis elbow workout

**26 Miss Brahms**  
Seventies semi-sexy stropstress

**27 Niamh Cusack**  
Heartbeat missus

**28 Letitia Dean**  
Blousy EastEnders heavy-weight

**29 Carol Patterson**  
Zippy-mouthed actress out of EastEnders

**30 Suzie Dent**  
Dictionary corner bookworm

**31 Fern Britten**  
Meaty, beefy, big and bouncy



**32 Felicity Kendal**  
Cabbage patch doll-faced actress

**33 Celine Dion**  
Horse-faced Titanic warbler

**34 Liza Tarbuck**  
Shopping bag

**35 Kate Mulgrew**  
Male-voiced Star Trek actress

**36 Meg Matthews**  
Noel's spouse blarney

**37 Gillian Telford**  
Roadside assistance

**38 Lily Savage**  
Scouse comedienne and leggy game show hostess

**39 Anne Robinson**  
Slopy-faced watchdog

**40 Patty Cauldwell**  
Fog-raddled hag

**41 Dolly Parton**  
Enormous-titled Country singer

**42 Gabrielle**  
Pop Dr. Hookalike

**43 Lesley Joseph**  
Birds of a Feather nightmare

**44 Goldie Hawn**  
Horny golden oldie



**45 Camilla Parker-Bowles**  
Royal Bint

**46 Maria Aitken**  
Cow-eyed convict's sister

**47 Steffi Graf**  
Game, set and snatch

**48 Honor Blackman**  
Dried-up Pussy Galore

**49 Diane Keen**  
Wank-gesture coffee ad star

**50 Linda Bellingham**  
Confessions film ill-out OXO mum

**51 Anita Dobson**  
Brian May poodle-alike

**52 Joan Collins**  
Room for four noses

**53 Jill Gascoigne**  
Gentle Touch bossy boots

**54 Carol Barnes**  
Anne Nightingale lookalike newsreader

**55 Anne Nightingale**  
Carol Barnes lookalike D.J.

**56 Henry Sandon**  
Overweight pottery dish

**57 Barbara Streisand**  
Boz-eyed big-nosed songbird

**58 Sue Lawley**  
Desert Island dish

**59 Kate O'Mara**  
Happy Shopper Joan Collins

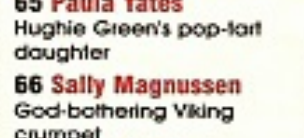
**60 Cyndi Lauper**  
Loopy fun girl

**61 Joan Bakewell**  
High class tart

**62 Amanda Barrie**  
Coronation Street Cleopatra

**63 Debbie Harry**  
Blondie bombshell (defused)

**64 Sally Gunnel**  
Sporty half-a-gadge



**65 Paula Yates**  
Hughie Green's pop-lart daughter

**66 Sally Magnusson**  
God-battering Viking crumpet

**67 Debbie McGee**  
Conjuror's moll

**68 Tracy Thorne**  
Everything but the Nicholas Lyndhurst lookalike

**69 Emma Thompson**  
Posh luvvie

**70 Cerys Mathews**  
Horny Welsh dragon

**71 Alice Beer**  
Sunken-faced TV watchdog

**72 Kirsten O'Brien**  
Aardvark's sidekick

**73 Sue Cook**  
Nothing to write home about

**74 Bette Midler**  
3 big hooters

**75 Anne Diamond**  
Rough-cut gem

**76 Lorraine Kelly**  
Full Scottish breakfast babe

**77 Rula Lenska**  
Husky-voiced Minder wife

**78 Joanna Lumley**  
Not so purdy these days

**79 Toyah Battersby**  
Lady mardy teen temptress

**80 Molly Ringwald**  
Not so pretty in pink

**81 Emma Freud**  
Intellectual wingnut

**82 Penelope Keith**  
Parrot-faced pretend snob

**83 Sally Whittaker**  
Sparrow-faced actress

**84 Samantha Janus**  
Rough as a badger's arse

**85 Lisa Stansfield**  
Towbar-conked Lancashire lark

**86 Michelle Collins**  
Old-faced youngster



**87 Suzanne Danielle**  
Turkey tilted Carry-on crew

**88 Tara Palmer-Tomkinson**  
Tiny-titled loft

**89 Jayne Torville**  
Frosty ice-queen

**90 The Girls out of the Human League**  
A brace of Yorkshire slappers

**91 The tall one out of Bananarama**  
The tall one out of Bananarama

**92 Delia Smith**  
Tea-time treat

**93 Grace Jones**  
Scary Amazon

**94 Michelle Smith**  
Drug-free swimmer

**95 Anabelle Giles**  
Posh stick insect

**96 Bunny Campione**  
Road show antique

**97 Anni-Frid Lyngstad**  
Dark haired one out of ABBA

**98 Princess Stephanie**  
Royal tattooed gadgy-wife



**99 Jamil Lee Curtis**  
Buoyant-knocked actress

**100 Shirley Bassey**  
Old flingitis

Remember, next year, many of these borderline boilers may have strayed across the border into no-man's land. So keep your nominations coming in, and we'll publish an updated list of your tastiest slightly-off cheese cake next year.



## The Best System EVER for Winning with Women

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**HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** Reveals: • What makes a guy successful with girls. • Mistakes men make with women. • How to make your move. • How to get dates with exceptionally beautiful girls. • The most common objections and how to overcome them. • Over 100 fantastic opening lines and pick up techniques that really work. • How to instantly draw romantic interest from girls you have only just met. • A simple rule that will triple the number of dates you get. • How to be so great on dates women will want to be with you again and again...and much, much more. Only £15

"My only complaint is that your books are available to other men and I can't keep what I've learned all to myself!" - G.S. Harold Harpwood

Why I'm revealing all my secrets! by Steve Marshall: You may have seen me on TV - I'm the guy who can pick up just about any available woman I fancy and I've proved it many times in front of others - and I'm not even particularly good looking! When I was first asked to reveal my secrets I declined as I didn't want to share my secrets with other men. Soon after, 4 male students moved next door to me. These lads quickly noticed my success with women and began calling round asking me for tips. I told them some approaches and they were astounded by the success they had. It gave me a lot of pleasure to see them succeeding so I reconsidered my decision and compiled **HOW TO SUCCEED WITH GIRLS**. Since its publication I've received letters from over 100,000 men worldwide telling me how I've changed their lives. I also received many requests for further advice, so I compiled **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** in which 48 beautiful girls reveal the very best techniques a guy can use to pick them up. Read my guides and you'll quickly discover that the right methods for succeeding with women are so easy you'll be hating yourself you didn't use them before.

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You'll also receive these 4 bonus offers worth £50 - FREE OF CHARGE

1. A FREE copy of **HOW TO DEVELOP A KNOCKOUT PUNCH** by Don Lee (Black Belt - 4th Dan) includes a full training programme for maximum improvement with practice the techniques can be easily learnt and used with devastating results for self defence.

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3. A FREE copy of A GUIDE TO ADDITIONAL REQUIREMENTS FOR SUPERFITNESS. Over the last few years great advances have been made in nutritional science. This new report reveals what you must eat to rapidly build muscles and strength.

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• I am amazed at your course. I am currently on week 7. I have made terrific improvements. I.R. London, England

• I used to be scared of guys who had bodies like Lee Now get! R.A. Sydney, Australia

• As soon as I got the course I started to develop muscles. C.A.S. Los Angeles, U.S.A.

## SITUATIONS VACANT



How,

Me John Brown-Publishing, man behind um stable of magazines including Viz, Bizarre and Fortean Times. Me looking for first year students to become part of um "John Brown Publishing Brand Management Priority Action Awareness Initiative Programme."

What's that? you ask. Well, it's um bit like selling brushes door to door, only heap less prestigious and not nearly as well paid. But instead of strangers, it will be your fellow students pretending not to be in when you call.

But me not looking for just any student to help sell my products. Um successful brand management awareness executive recruit must have um heap special combination of qualities. So if you are:

- \* Um current first-year student in full-time higher education
- \* Able to get out of bed by mid-afternoon
- \* Um shameless, brass-necked arsehole
- \* Skint

-then click your electric mouse onto my interweb net thing at [www.getreal.net/johnbrown](http://www.getreal.net/johnbrown) for all the details and um application form.

**Closing date for applications  
31st July 1999.**

We are um equal opportunities employer, although in Magazine publishing, special priority is given to sex-mad alcoholics with fucking stupid names.



# GENERAL JUBBLIES

12-YEAR OLD JAMIE 'JUBBLIES' JAMESON WAS COMMANDER OF A MOST UNUSUAL ARMY - FOR IT WAS AN ARMY OF CHARLIE DIMMOCK'S TITS, WHICH HE OPERATED BY A REMOTE-CONTROL UNIT ON HIS BUST!



IT WAS SATURDAY MORNING AND THE YOUNGESTER HAD TAKEN HIS 'GROUND FORCE' PRESENTER'S KNOCKER'S SOUND TO WATCH THE LORD MAYOR OPEN A NEW FOUNTAIN IN THE TOWN CENTRE



HERE'S THE LORD MAYOR'S LIMOUSINE



BUT WHO'S THAT SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING MIDDLE-AGED GENT APPROACHING THE CAR?

AS THE MAYOR DIED FOR COVER, JUBBLIES LEAPT INTO ACTION



GOSH! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THE MAYOR FROM BEING COMPLAINED TO

AT A TOUCH OF THE REMOTE-CONTROL UNIT, CHARLIE DIMMOCK'S TITS STARTED BOUNCING UP AND DOWN ENERGETICALLY IN FRONT OF THE MIDDLE-AGED ASSAULT



OH MY GOODNESS, LOOK AT THAT

OH MY GOODNESS ME



EXCUSE ME, MR MAYOR

MY WIFE HAS ASKED ME TO LODGE A COMPLAINT REGARDING THE DRAINS DOWN THE END OF OUR ROAD...



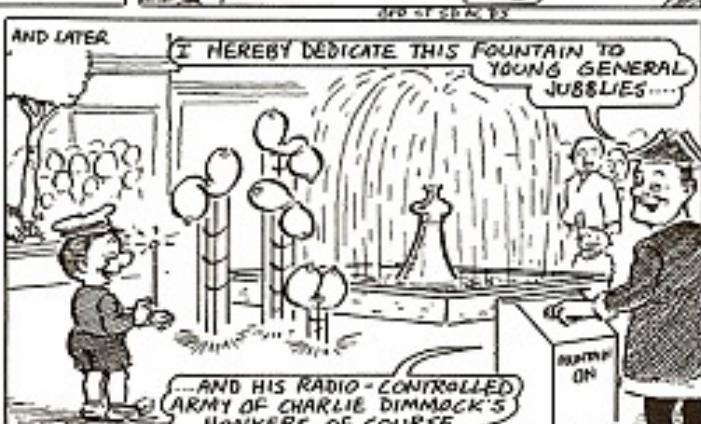
OH... OH MY WORD  
OH! OH!

AHH! MY HEART!



WELL DONE, GENERAL JUBBLIES  
HE'S DIED OF A HEART ATTACK

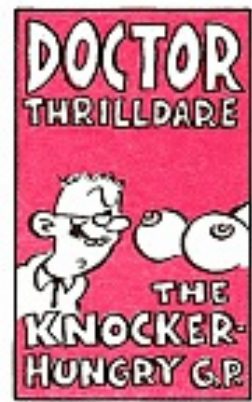
THAT MIDDLE-AGED GENT WON'T BE MAKING ANY MORE COMPLAINTS IN THE FUTURE



AND LATER

I HEREBY DEDICATE THIS FOUNTAIN TO YOUNG GENERAL JUBBLIES...

...AND HIS RADIO-CONTROLLED ARMY OF CHARLIE DIMMOCK'S HONKERS, OF COURSE



DOCTOR THRILLDARE

THE KNOCKER-HUNGRY G.P.



MASH! MASH! MASH!  
MASH! MASH!

HEH!



FONDLE! MASH!  
MASH! GROPE!

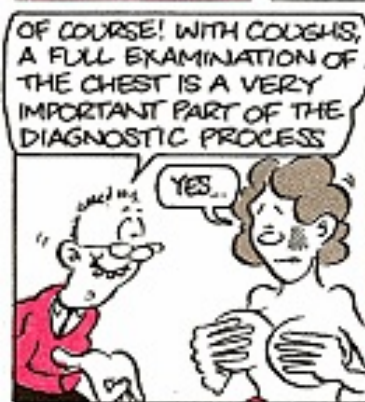
DROO!



MASH! FONDLE!

ERM... IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY, DOCTOR?

EH?



OF COURSE! WITH COUGHS, A FULL EXAMINATION OF THE CHEST IS A VERY IMPORTANT PART OF THE DIAGNOSTIC PROCESS

YES...



BUT IT'S MY HUSBAND WHO'S GOT THE COUGH, DOCTOR.

COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!



DID YOU SPEND FIVE YEARS AT MEDICAL SCHOOL?

NO..!

WELL I DID!



MASH! MASH! MASH!  
MASH! COUGH!

PHWOAR!



He's Back... and this time he wants 18 million up front AND 20% of the box office...  
STEVEN SEGAL SANDRA BULLOCK DENZEL WASHINGTON

# BRUCE WILLIS IN A VEST 16

18

**WINNER -**

*Best black man in a long coat blown through a plate glass window - DENZEL WASHINGTON*  
Caracas International Festival of Pyrotechnic Cinema

**WINNER -**

*Biggest explosion behind a man in a vest.*  
Carbondale International Explosion Festival

**WINNER -**

*Best Vest*  
**BRUCE WILLIS'S VEST.**  
International Festival of these sort of films.

**WINNER -**

*Most Blatant Product Placement*  
**NOKIA MOBILE PHONES**  
Some Tuppenny Ha'penny Film Festival, Rome.

"WHICH ONE'S THIS AGAIN?"  
The Daily Star

"I THINK IT'S THE ONE WHERE THE HELICOPTER  
FLIES INTO THE HOTEL FOYER AND BLOWS UP"  
The Daily Mirror

"NO. THAT'S VEST 13 YOU'RE THINKING OF.  
YOU KNOW THE ONE WITH THE ATOM BOMB ON THE TRAIN"  
The Daily Star

"OH. FANCY A MALTESER?"  
The Daily Mirror

STEVEN SEGAL as BRUCE WILLIS SANDRA BULLOCK as DENI MOORE or JULIA ROBERTS WESLEY SNIPES as DENZEL WASHINGTON CHUCK NORRIS as JEAN-CLAUDE VAN DAMME and JOHN CASTLE  
as IAN HOIN as THE PSYCHOPATHIC ENGLISH BADDIE. FEATURING THAT BLOKE OUT OF ROBOCOP WHO LOOKS LIKE JACK NICHOLSON BUT IS LOADS CHEAPER.

A JESUS HUNGRING FORMULAC PRODUCTION FOR INDISTINGUISHABLE FILMS SCREENPLAY BY ALAN BENNETT & WINGS HAUSER BASED ON THE UNORIGINAL IDEA BY BRUCE WILLIS'S ACCOUNTANT DIRECTED BY PAUL & BARRY CHUCKLE MUSIC COMPOSED BY HAROLD FALTERMEYER  
PRODUCED BY ANX BALLYSTOCK WRITERS CREATED BY JIM HENSON'S MUPPET CREATURE SHOP

SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON POLYFILLA RECORDS. INCLUDES "ELECTRICITY" - SUEDE, "STRONG ENOUGH" - CHER AND "HOLE IN THE GROUND" - BERNARD CRIBBINS.





# THE MODERN PARENTS

John Fawcett 39









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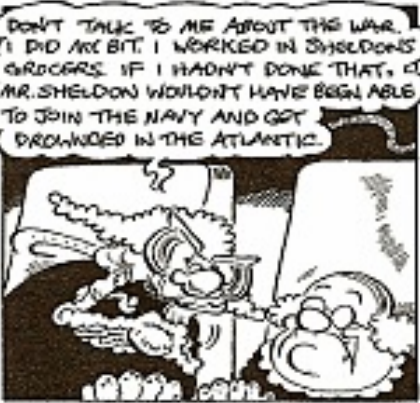




# THE MRS BRADY BUNCH



DOLLY APA ENA





# BUSHELL ON THE DOCS

**I was against euthanasia until I tried it for myself... now I've changed my mind.**

**OAP-LESS!** That's what I always thought of euthanasia. A group of stuck-up docs sticking their noses and syringes in where they weren't wanted, and knocking off our old folk before their time.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not some bleeding-heart liberal with a rose-tinted view of the old.

I know they're not the kindly, twinkly-eyed grandparents you see in the Werther's Originals advert. I was brought up in the middle of London, and I've seen the havoc a Chelsea Pensioner can cause to a queue of people trying to get on a bus.

Even so when I was invited to go along and see a mercy killing for myself in a Staffordshire nursing home, I went along not expecting to have my opinions altered one bit.

**How wrong I was.**

The first thing that struck me was the pageantry. There can be few more stirring sights on an English summer

morning than a group of physicians in their splendid white coats and shiny stethoscopes gathered in the lobby of a nursing home.

My second surprise was how friendly everyone was, standing round laughing and joking over a glass of sherry.

**My third surprise was that they weren't all toffee-nosed doctors.**

"All sorts of people turn out to follow the action at a mercy killing," said Wendy Hardboard, a ward orderly. "There are nurses, consultants, physiotherapists - even a couple of airline pilots and a lorry driver. It's very much a social occasion."

A very social occasion. I hardly have time to finish my sherry and we're off.

The doctors stop at the end of the first corridor. Nothing seems to be happening. Then suddenly, a flash of beige from the breakfast room and the chase is on.

The baying doctors pick up his unmistakable scent and set off in hot pursuit. I'm caught up in the excitement as the pack careers along the corridor, knocking furniture and visiting relatives flying.

Our prey is a sly old fellow, surprisingly fast, and is heading for the safety of the day room.

"Most old people get away," says euthanasia

enthusiast Edward Chipboard, as we try to work out our old man's likely route. "The ones we do catch tend to be the weak, senile or the terminally ill."

We finally run down our quarry. He's cowering in the corner of the dining room, whimpering, his rheumy eyes filled with terror. He knows he is beaten. The chief consultant moves in for the kill with his syringe.

**It's exciting for sure. But is it right?**

"Euthanasia isn't cruel," insists Chipboard. "This way, the end is relatively quick and painless. It's certainly a lot kinder than allowing them to linger on up to a very old age."



**GET STUCK IN...**Garry gets ready to euthanase some old bloke

I thought I'd be spending my day with a bunch of murderous hooray henrys. But what I saw changed my mind.

Euthanasia may not be everyone's cup of tea, but one thing is for certain -

**The people who oppose it are slushy, mis-informed, sentimental, misguided Marxists.**

And if you accept that the aged population has to be controlled, which everybody does, then anaesthetic overdose is far less cruel than the alternatives - smothering them, pushing them down the stairs or attacking them with hammers.

*Next week Garry says - Bring back old-fashioned variety. And shoot all the puffs.*

**By GARRY BUSHELL**



# MANUFACTURED - BOY BAND SENSATION BOYZ'N'UZ



HEY I'M SO EXCITED! I'VE BEEN WORKING TOWARDS THIS MOMENT FOR YEARS - GOD - I HOPE I'M GOOD ENOUGH TO GET PICKED!



RIGHT, FIRST FOUR IN THE QUEUE, CONGRATULATIONS, YOU'RE HIRED NOW GET INSIDE.

WOW!



INSIDE...



KER-CHUNK!

HI, ANDREW! YEAH - WE'VE GOT A SHIT HOT BAND HERE - IT'S GONNA BE 'BOYZ'N'UZ' MANIA!!

THEY'RE JUST GOING THROUGH THE STYLE PACKAGE NOW.



RIGHT SID - THAT ONE'S HAVING PIERCINGS, CUT EYEBROW & GORTEES THAT ONE A MAORI TATTOO; AND THAT ONE'S SENSITIVE, CUTE & GAY!

THE GAY ONE DOESN'T LIKE THE TALL ONE.

...AND THE ONE WITH THE YORKSHIRE ACCENT COMES FROM BROOMFAN - RIGHT, INTO FASHION.



DOH, YES - I SEE IT - MOON, LONG LEATHER! YES! OVER ARMANT!



PHOTO SHOOT NEXT, BOYS. I NEED THE TALL ONE AT THE BACK TO DO THIS WITH HIS HANDS. THE SENSITIVE ONE TO KNEEL & THE OTHER ONE TO CROSS ARMS AND LOOK OVER HIS SHOULDER. DON'T TRY TO FORCE IT, IT HAS TO LOOK PERFECTLY NATURAL.



FLASH!

YEAH, ANDREW, THE PHOTO'S ARE DONE, THEY LOOK FARKING GORGEOUS. THE FILMS OFF TO SMASH HITS NOW. IT'LL BE ON THE COVER IN FIVE MINUTES.

LISTEN, I'VE GOTTA GO, WE'RE DOING THE ACCOMPANYING IN-DEPTH INTERVIEW NEXT.



HEY LOOK YEAH! GAY LADS - USE TO KNOW - GAY FAVOURITE DO.



SORRY I MISSED YOUR SHOOT LADS, ME AND ANDREW WERE JUST CELEBRATING 3 SNIFF SNIFFS YOUR SINGLE WENT ON SALE LAST WEEK AND WE THINK IT'S GONNA BE NO. 1 TOMMORROW!

THAT'S IF THOSE BASTARDS '999' OR WHATEVER THEY'VE CALLED DON'T TRY TO OUTBID US AGAIN.

RIGHT, PREPARE YOURSELVES, WE'VE GOT A HASTILY ARRANGED PRESS CONFERENCE TO ATTEND NOW.



THANKS FOR COMING CHAPS. IT'S GREAT REGRET THAT I HAVE TO ANNOUNCE THE BREAKUP OF 'BOYZ'N'UZ'. THIS IS DUE TO MUSICAL DIFFERENCES, RAY & HELL, BLAH BLAH, SOLD PROTECTS...

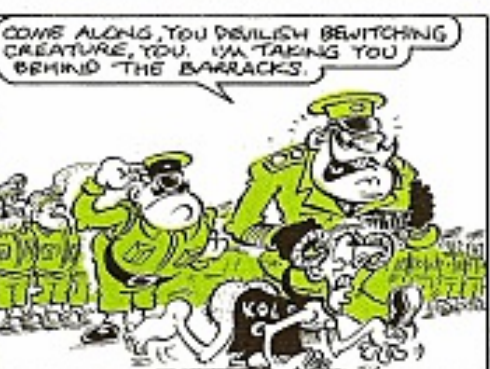








# SQUADDIE McDOWELL





# Who killed



**IT** It is now four months since the cold-blooded doorstep slaying of People's Presenter Jill Dando. And still the police seem no nearer to catching her killer. So we've asked Britain's best known ex-policeman (apart from Geoff Capes) to try and crack the case.

In an amazing series of interviews, **JOHN STALKER** uses his vast experience as deputy Chief Constable of Greater Manchester and garage door salesman to pick the brains of four famous T.V. detectives in the hope that their unconventional approach may help shed light on this bewildering case and enable him to finally name Jill's killer.

"I HAVE always had the greatest respect and professional admiration for Lieutenant Columbo. With his tenacity, intuition and his squinty eye for detail, he always gets his man. So I asked him how he would go about solving this 'Whodunit?'"



"AS ANY police officer will tell you, the most important part of a copper's equipment, after a canister of C.S. gas and a big stick, is his sense of humour. No matter how tragic and appalling the crimes that confront him, he must never lose the ability to have a good laugh. That is why I admire Inspector Jacques Clouseau of the French Surete."



## Case No.1



**Investigator:**  
**Lieutenant Columbo**  
**Status:** L.A.P.D.  
**(Homicide)**  
**Channel:**  
**ITV**

"This is typical of the cases I handle," the glass-eyed, cigar-chomping sleuth told me. "A high-profile celebrity victim and no obvious motive. If I were investigating this case, the finger of suspicion might point at a fellow star. For the sake of hypothesis, somebody like, oh, I don't know, Sir Cliff Richard, for example."

"When I first interview him he would be cooperative and helpful, even to the extent of signing a record for my wife, Mrs. Columbo. After the interview, I'd leave, only to reappear almost immediately, ruffling my hair and looking puzzled, to ask one more question about Sir Richard's movements on the morning of Miss

Dando's death. This time, after I leave, Cliff's smile would fade and his expression would harden. I would then begin to badger Sir Cliff, turning up unexpectedly to ask him more questions. I'd appear unannounced at music rehearsals, or interrupt a game of tennis in the grounds of his Weybridge mansion, shambling across the lawn in my raincoat saying there were still one or two things 'bugging me'. By now, Cliff would have become quite terse, eventually turning openly hostile.

"Finally I would confront Cliff with a flimsy web of circumstantial evidence and supposition, at which point it would be game, set and match to me."

## Case No.2



**Investigator:**  
**Inspector Clouseau**  
**Status:** French  
**Surete**  
**Channel:**  
**BBC 1**

lined my ill-conceived theories on Mlle. Dando's murder. He would become confused between a real pistol and a novelty cigarette lighter on his desk, shooting the end off his nose as a result.

"A combination of farcical circumstances, including being blown up by a bomb whilst dressed as Toulouse Lautrec, and knocking over a large rack of precariously poised long clattering things in the presence of a supercilious butler, would eventually somehow lead to me being convicted of the murder, whilst the real perpetrator escaped over the alps in a convertible Rolls Royce."

"I would arrive at Gowan Avenue. My attention would be drawn immediately to a man with a minkey," the inspector told me at his Paris headquarters. "I would question him and he would mock my accent, whilst Mlle. Dando's killer made his getaway behind me; I might even hold up the traffic, enabling him to make good his escape in a blue Range Rover."

"I would report to my superior officer, Inspector Dreyfuss, who would twitch unconvincedly, as I out-



# Dan-do?

"AFTER 25 years at the sharp end of coppering, and more recently selling garage doors, if I have learned one thing it is this: That no motive is too far fetched, no matter how ghastly the crime. Never more so than in this case, where none of the facts seem to add up. A perfect case then for Scooby Doo and the kids in the Mystery Machine."

## Case No.3



**Investigator:**  
**Scooby Do**  
**Status:**  
**Independent Investigator**  
**Channel:**  
**Cartoon Network**

"By coincidence our brightly coloured van would run out of gas during a thunderstorm, right outside the old Dando place," Fred told me. "Myself, Daphne, Velma, Shaggy and Scooby would go inside in search of clues. Whilst in the basement, Shaggy would discover a revolving bookcase, from behind which would emerge a sweaty man with a mobile phone. Scooby would then jump into Shaggy's arms, and the sweaty man would chase them along a very long corridor, passing the same objects at regular intervals." "Like, yeah!", Shaggy continued, "Then we would, like, drop a net onto the sweaty

man, and tie him up, whilst waiting for the police to arrive, before removing his sweaty man mask, to reveal... the estate agent!" "It would turn out that the estate agent who was selling Miss Dando's home had discovered an abandoned gold mine in the basement. He had dressed up as a sweaty man with a mobile phone and shot the 'Crimewatch' presenter on the doorstep, in order to scare off potential buyers. At this point, whilst being led away, the estate agent may well suggest that he would have got away with it, too, if it hadn't of been for us meddling kids.



## Stalker's Telly 'tecs search for Star's assassin.

"JIMMY NAILS Spender is a no-nonsense North East copper. Like his name suggests, James Aloysious Bradford, is as hard as nails and twice as good at acting, and he has a distinct advantage over other TV detectives. For, as writer, director and producer, Jimmy can choose who the villain is going to be, no matter how ridiculous and implausible the plot, or laughable the dialogue. So I asked Crocodile Shoes himself how he would 'nail' Jill Dando's killer."



## Case No.4



**Investigator:**  
**Jimmy Nail**  
**Status:** Plain clothes detective  
**Channel:**  
**BBC 1**

"I've got the perfect plan," said Jimmy. "I'd hide up a tree and wait for the murderer to walk past, then jump

out and shout, 'Bastaaaad!' Then I'd run faster than a train and chase him in a hot air balloon."

Well, we've looked at the clues through the eyes of four very different T.V. detectives; one a maverick scruff in a raincoat, one a comedy Frenchman who's been dead for 18 years, one a cartoon dog and the other a Geordie twat. It's time for me to name the killer.

### Who killed Dan-do?

There is no obvious answer. But one thing's for sure. With me, former Deputy Chief Constable John Stalker, and all my fictional police friends on the case, the killer, or killers, whoever he, she, or they, is or are, will not be sleeping well in his, her, or their bed, or beds, tonight.

THE ADVENTURES OF  
THE SANDWICHES  
AND THEIR ATTEMPTS  
AT WORLD DOMINATION



SOON...



LATER...



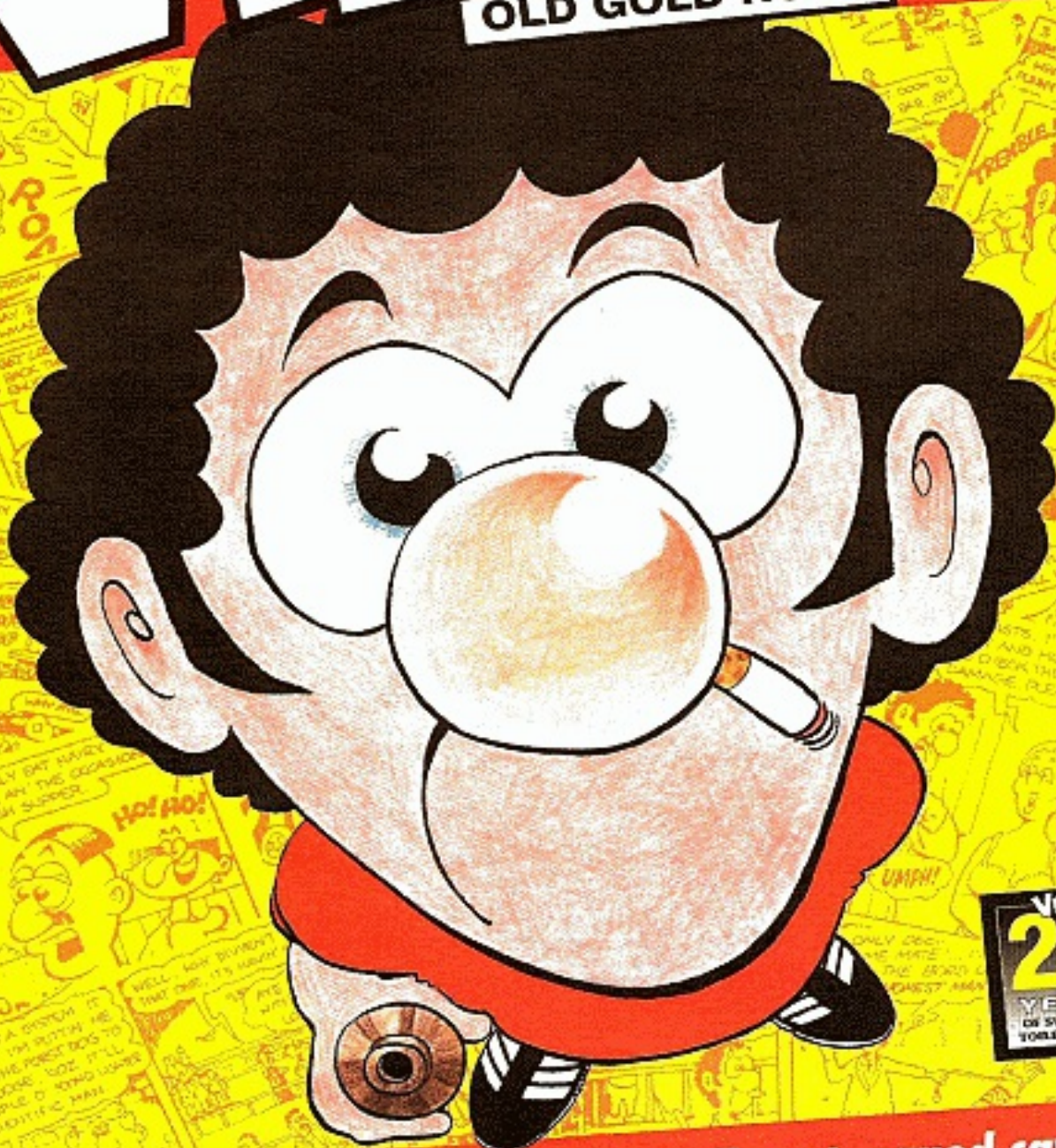


**It's out for the lads...**

£1.75 (\$3.95 US)  
Not for sale to children

THE BEST OF  
**GAD**  
*the*  
**SEXIST**

**OLD GOLD ROPE**



**VIZ**  
**20**  
YEARS  
OF SWEARING,  
TOILETS & ...

**The life and times of Tyneside's silver-tongued cavalier**

**...on August 28th**



# GAD the SEXIST





# You can't hurry love...

16-year-old Lydia Chambers had been going steady with Matthew Marshall for nearly 4 months. They had become very close, but Lydia could not help thinking that there was something missing from their relationship.

You see, if you put a little away each week into a Building Society savings account, it soon mounts up. Before you know it, you'll have enough to take out your own pay-as-you-go tax-free ISA, or perhaps invest in some low risk unit trusts.

Yes, Matthew.

God! Do you have to be so sensible all the time?

Blah, blah... safe... blah, blah... sensible... blah, blah... low risk... blah, blah...

Later that day, Lydia met her best friend Danielle for a cup of coffee.

...I mean, Matthew is very nice, Danielle, but he does go on and on about Building Society accounts and stuff like that.

Bar-RING! You want to give him the push, Lydia. There's plenty of time for that safe stuff when you're old.

I've been seeing Jed for a month now, and we've already dabbled with some high risk stocks and stuff... now he's asked me if I'll play the FT share index futures market with him, and I've agreed.

Wow! Matthew has never suggested anything that daring.

Hey, listen! Jed's parents are away this weekend, and he's having a party on Saturday. Why don't you come?

Er, no, I can't! I've promised Matthew I'd go to the Post Office with him. He wants to buy some National Savings Stamps.

Well tell him you can't go. Make something up. You've got to come to the party.

I don't know

On Saturday...

What did you tell Matthew?

I told him I was going to see my Grandma. He was a bit upset. He'd been looking forward to opening a Post Office account for weeks.

Hi, Danielle. Glad you could make it. Who's your friend?

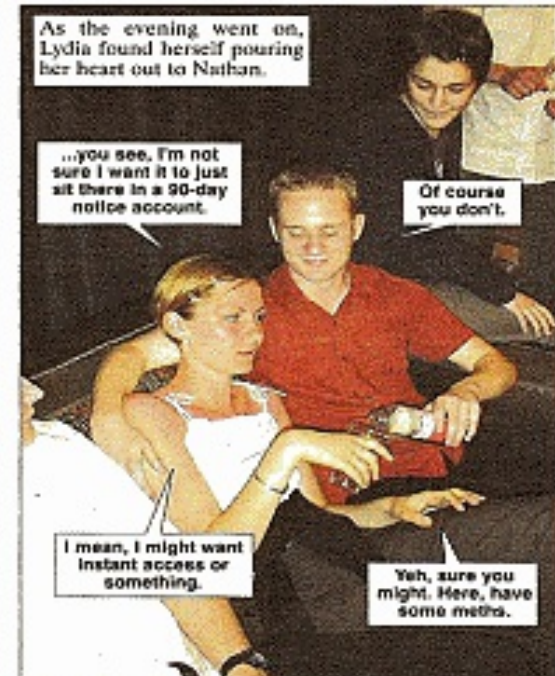
This is Lydia.

Hi, Lydia. The drinks are in the kitchen. Help yourself.

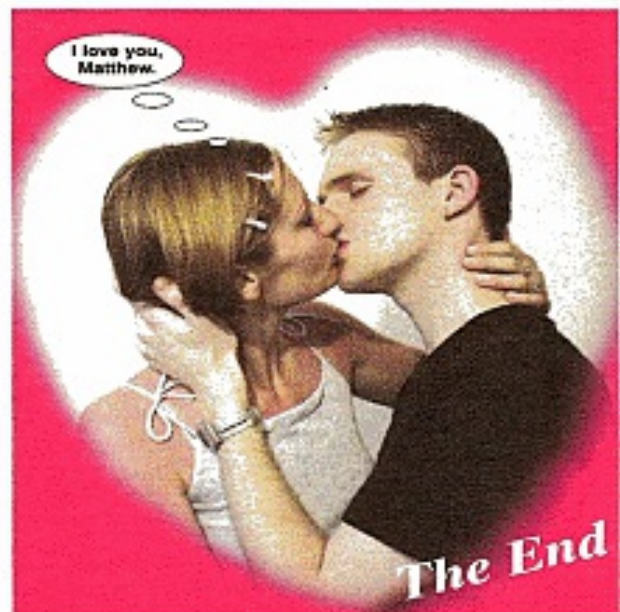
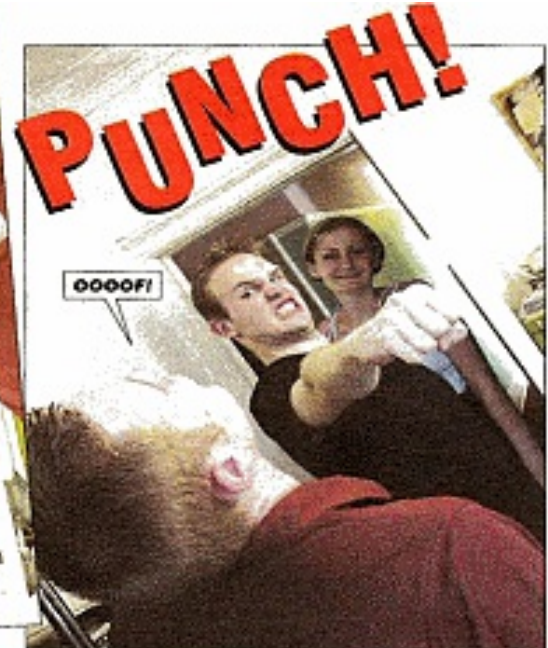
I think I'll have a diet Coke.

Hi, there!...









## THE ADVENTURES OF MAJOR MISUNDERSTANDING







Millions of us buy a newspaper every day to keep us abreast of what's going on in the world. We read them and we throw them away, but who amongst us ever stops to think about how they are produced? Let's take a look behind the headlines at a typical day in the life of a newspaper.



The story of your morning paper starts a whole 24 hours before it hits the streets, when an editorial meeting is held. Stories may come from many sources; press agencies at home and abroad; correspondents filing eye-witness reports from war-zones around the globe; investigative journalists doggedly pursuing tip-offs and leads. Here the editor and his staff go through the early editions of their rival papers looking for stories about celebrities to rip off.



Back in the pub, the journalist manages to snatch a few seconds between trebles for a quick sandwich and six bags of crisps. Then it's back to work, leaning on the bar spouting opinionated libellous gossip to anyone who'll listen.



It is the job of the campaigning journalist to expose injustice and root out corruption in high places. Woodward and Bernstein's Watergate cover-up story was responsible for bringing down a president, whilst John Pilger's fearless reporting has led to the exposure of many human rights abuses. Here, an investigative journalist with a hidden camera is being wanked off in a massage parlour by a woman in suspenders.



His heart attack over, our reporter is racing against time. There are only thirty minutes left before his copy must be on the sub-editor's desk, but circumstances are conspiring against him: the business desk of the Financial Times has just come in and they're six deep at the bar.



Journalism, as with many professions, has its less enjoyable sides. Here, a junior reporter has been threatened with the sack unless he 'doorsteps' a recently bereaved mother in order to suggest that her son died of AIDS. It's a job that requires sensitivity, tact and nimble fingers to pocket a school photograph from the mantelpiece.





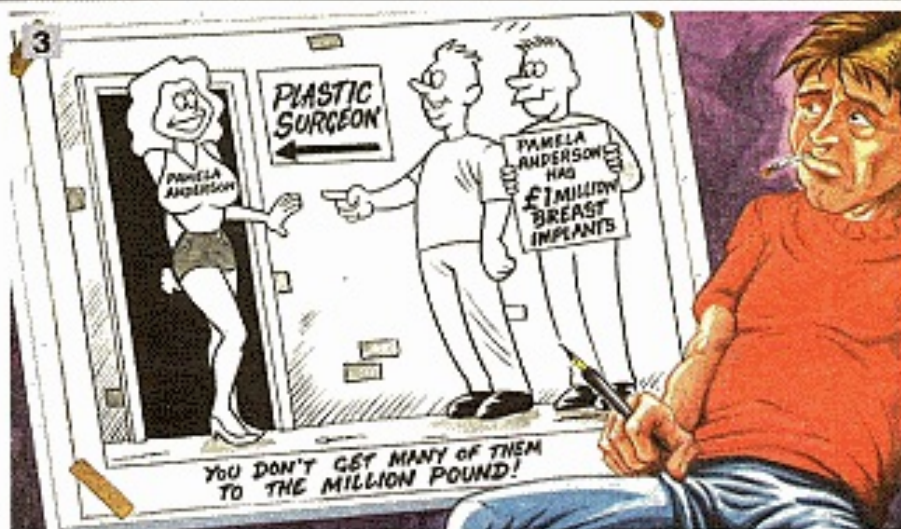
# IN THE LIFE OF A NEWSPAPER



Once the story has been decided upon, it is assigned to a reporter. Deadlines are tight and he knows there is no time to lose. Within seconds he's in the pub guzzling trebles and fiddling his expenses.



In the pub, it's 2.30 and time for a heart attack.



Newspapers not only inform, they also make us laugh. It is the job of the editorial cartoonist to take a humorous look at one of the day's stories. Here we see the artist hard at work. His caricatures are instantly recognisable as, with a few deft lines from his pen, he writes who it is supposed to be on their shirt.



In the world of newspapers, a picture is worth a thousand words. Don McCullin's harrowing photographs have been credited with hastening the end of the Vietnam war. This gin-soaked old smudger, however, is up a tree in the South of France trying to get a picture of Posh Spice's tits.



With just seconds to go, the story is finally filed. It is now the job of the sub-editor to change the facts and quotes made up by the reporter, in order to suit an amusing punny headline that he thought of earlier that morning.

9.00pm and the editor finally 'puts the paper to bed'. The presses start rolling, printing the first of millions of copies that will find their way onto our breakfast tables. For the printers, there is a long evening's work ahead. For the journalists, there is just enough time to nip to the pub all night before the whole dismal process starts again the next morning.





# Owen de-Compo-ses

**COMPO**, scruffy star of the BBC's longest running comedy 'Last of the Summer Wine' was yesterday reeling from the news that, **Bill Owen**, the actor who played him for 25 years, had been axed from real life.

The woolly-hatted character, 25, was last night too upset to comment after

## Cancer

Owen, 85, was sensationally written out of being alive by cancer docs at a London hospital. He told us: "I have been Bill Owen for a quarter of a century, and now that he's been written out, I'm not quite sure what I'll do. I suppose I'll probably have to go back to not existing like I used to before I was invented."

## Derry & Thoms

Meanwhile Owen, dead, was putting on a brave face. "I suppose it's a

## EXCLUSIVE!



blessing in disguise," he told us from his coffin. "I've been typecast as a living being for 85 years,



Compo (above) - uncertain future  
Owen (left) - looking forward to a well earned rest in peace.

and I think it's time to move on to something different. I've already had a few interesting offers, including being eaten by worms."

**By jove! - it's a  
heartache without...**



## Bonnie Tyler's "Total Eclipse of the Heart" Bonnocle

On the 11th of August the world will stand still and, as the sky darkens owls will hoot, cockerels will cock, and chinese people will bang saucepans.

It can only be a total eclipse and what better way to view this once in a lifetime celestial extravaganza than with Bonnie Tyler's Bonnocle.

Using state-of-the-art corrugated cardboard technology developed by NASA for space biscuit boxes, the Bonnocle was designed by top fashion icon, Jean-Claude Galtieri and combines functionality with high chic.



## Food & Drunk

With **JILLY GOOLDEN**



This week, Jilly recommends her favourite hangover for under £15

**3 bottles of Nigerian Cabernet Sauvignon. 1/2 bottle Woods Navy Rum. 4 tins of White Lightning. 1 bottle of cooking sherry. Morrisons £14.49**

I AWOKE with this hangover with a distinct taste in my mouth. I was getting cupro-nickel, like sucking a handful of old two-pence pieces. The back of my front teeth were coated with sulphurous fur, like on a bee's back.

I tried to lift my head from the pillow, but I was getting rhythmic pulsating throbs, as if an all-in wrestler was trying to force sausage meat behind my eyes.

And there was a strong bouquet. I was getting Parmesan cheese and bad eggs, a sort of putrid, acrid smell, like a dairy farmer's slippers.

Then I realised my hair and ears were stuck to the pillow with congealed vomit. I swung my legs over the side of my bed and sat there waiting for my brain to catch

up. I became aware of a strange feeling in my stomach. It was like Marlon Brando wearing a jumper soaked in sea water, trying to kick start a diesel Harley Davidson Fat Boy in two feet of porridge. I was getting hippopotamus's tongue licking canal water off my kidneys mixed with The Keystone Cops made out of omelette being chased out of my arse by a jelly tube train full of lead bricks. It was all in there.

And I was sweating like a Mother's Pride processed cheese sandwich wrapped in cling film and pressed into a driving instructor's arse stuck in a traffic jam on a hot bank holiday. When my brain caught up with my eyes, I was in a kaleidoscope. There was an increasing pressure in my head, culminating in an explosion of hot light behind one eye. I was getting a sudden massive increase in heart rate accompanied by a terrifying spiral of anxiety, like a shark in a washing machine eating its own tail.

And for such a spicy hangover it had a very long finish. I was spewing Fairy Liquid till after tea time, and the feelings of depression and remorse lasted well into the next day.

Obviously for £15, it's not the most explosive hangover I've ever had, but it was cheeky and unpretentious and the ideal accompaniment to a few tentative sips from a cup of water. Very good value. \*\*\*

Benson & Hedges

## MONKEY FAGS



Government Health Warning  
**SMOKING FAGS CAUSES  
BLUE ARSES ON MONKEYS**

6mg Tar 0.5mg Nicotine 8mg Bananas

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# STUDENT GRANT







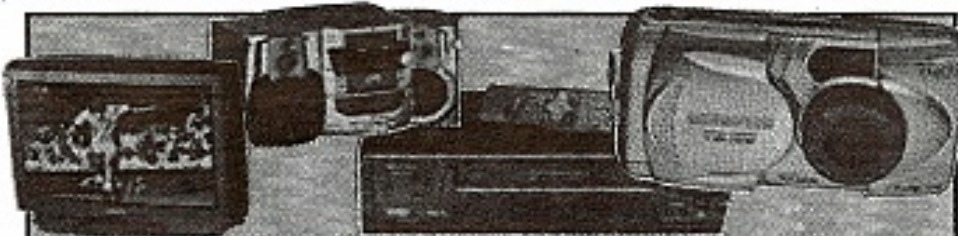
# Why do we pay through the nose for electrical goods?

## GREEDY SHOPS PUT THE SQUEEZE ON CONSUMERS

British shoppers are being lured by manufacturers into paying way over the odds for their electrical goods.

A study has revealed that on average we are paying £800 more than we need to for our household appliances. Items retailing at £1000 or more in the high street are readily available for only £20 just a short walk away - that's an incredible saving of £980. Britain's consumers are being ripped off because they don't know that identical branded goods are available at hugely discounted prices in their local pub. With the same specifications as the shop bought models, the only difference is that they have had their plugs cut off and sometimes contain small fragments of broken glass.

The biggest price difference we uncovered in our survey was for a £1800 Del Computer which we bought from a heroin addict in the Red Lion for £20 cash.



## HOW THEY OVERCHARGE US

MODEL	SHOP PRICE	PUB PRICE	SAVING
Philips 32" widescreen TV	£999	£20 (Red Lion)	£970
JVC MD70R Micro HiFi	£349.99	£20 (Nag's Head)	£329.99
Olympus C900Z digital camera	£499.99	£20 (The Blubell)	£479.99
Panasonic Nicam video	£249.99	£20 (King's Arms)	£229.99

# IT'S TIME TO FIGHT BACK!

WE HAVE sat back and allowed ourselves to be ripped off for far too long.

The fact is that Manufacturers and shops are conspiring together to keep prices artificially high. It is up to the British public to say enough is



**Says JESS FUCKRAD**  
Consumer correspondent

enough. We must make a stand and demand a better deal. Unless shops are willing and

honest enough to sell us big tellys for £20, we should vote with our feet and take our custom elsewhere. Mark my

words, if we keep paying these ridiculously inflated prices, they'll keep charging them. Whatever they tell you, they are lying. It's time they put OUR money where THEIR mouth is, and told the truth for a change.



# MY OLD MAN'S A DUSTMAN

MENTAL DEFECTIVE  
TEDDY THOMPSON  
THOUGHT HIS PENIS  
WAS A COUNCIL  
REFUSE COLLECTOR



COME ON, OLD FELLA,  
IT'S BIN DAY. LET'S  
GET TO WORK.



MORNIN' DARLIN'. CAN I EMPTY  
YER BINS FOR YA?!



EEEEK!!



GOR BLIMEY. THIS IS A  
HEAVY 'UN. I'LL BE GLAD  
WHEN THEY GET THEM  
BLOOMIN' WHEELIE BINS  
ROUND 'ERE



'ERE, YOU!..



...WHAT'S YOUR BLOODY GAME,  
WALKING AROUND LIKE THAT,  
FRIGHTENING MY WIFE? YOU  
BLOODY PERVERT!



...COS MY OLD MAN'S A COPPER!



"So there I was, Sir Winston, *melching* away at this *real five-pinter*, when all of a sudden she gives me the *Devil's kiss*"

"Oh, dear! *Air buffet?*"

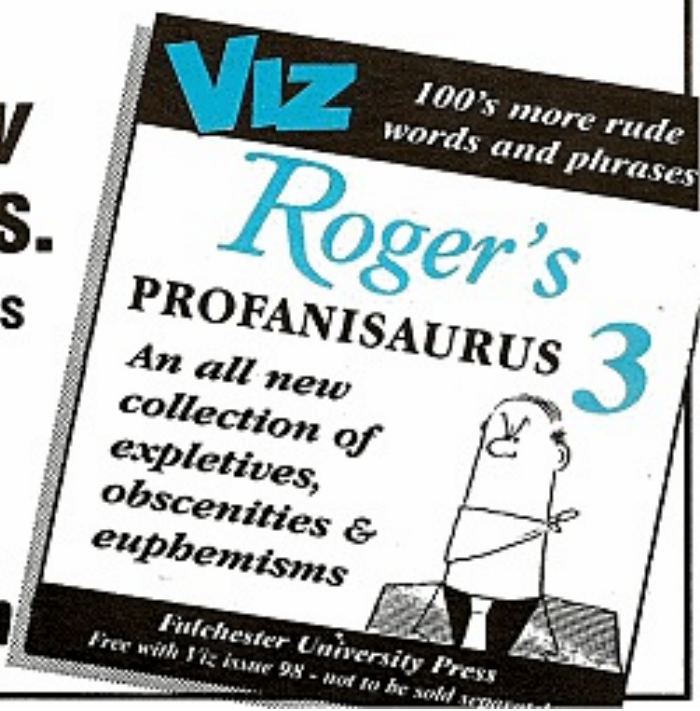
"You can say that again. I *fucking* thought I was going to *speak Welsh*."

## What on earth are they talking about?

...find out with the **ALL NEW**  
**Roger's PROFANISAURUS.**

Hundreds of expletives, obscenities  
and euphamisms never before  
published in a Profanisaurus.

**FREE!** on the cover of  
issue 98 -  
Out Sept 28th





# Tasha Slappa

WOZERE  
39T9

...NIB, SUR AH FUCKIN' PACKED HIM IN  
COS HE WAS WEARIN' TWO STRIPE GEAR

SHOCKIN'!  
SHAN!!

WHEN COS IF Y' NICK FOUR  
STRIPE THEN YER CAN TEK  
ONE OF THE STRIPES  
OFF, BUT IF YER  
TOOK TWO STRIPE  
WHEN YER SCARED  
FOR FUCKIN' LIFE!

...ER...

...EMM...

COULD Y' NOT  
JUST **TWOOK**  
THREE STRIPE?

...HOW DO Y' THINK YER FUCKIN'  
CLEANER? **DOOBA DOOBA!**

HAD ON IF YER TEK YER SPARE  
STRIPE FROM THE FOUR STRIPE  
AND GLUE IT ON YER TWO  
STRIPE, THEN YER GET TWO  
PAIRS OF THREE STRIPE!

OH AYE.

LOOKA!! IT'S FUCKIN' DONNA SHEREE SHERAN!  
FRIGGIN' HELL-LOOK AT THE NUMBER  
OF THEM FUCKIN' SCRUNCHIES

LEH, AYE I'LL SEE WHAT  
THEY MEAN, I GOT A  
DECODER FREE WITH 'EM!



RED, RED, YELLOW, BLUE... **EHH!!**

SHE'S SHAGGED NINE BLOKS FOUR OF EM BLAK  
3 IN A BUS STOP; CHEEKED UP FOUR COPPAS,  
SHAGGED TWO OF THEM; DONE A SHUTE  
ON A DOORSTEP, SHAGGED THE OWNER,  
AND SUCKED HIS GREASY COCK...

HERE GET IN! SHE SHAGGED  
LURDS, THE JAMMY COO



...ME AND SHE'S  
SEVEN MONTHS GONE

**EHH!! Y' MEAN SHE'S PREGNANT?**  
THE FUCKIN' DORTY BITCH!  
HAS SHE GOT NEE FUCKIN' MORALS?

AYE, IT'S A FUCKIN'  
DISGRACE THAT



-WHICH REMINDS  
US-HOW ARE YOUR BAINRS?

WHEN-AAHVE LEFT SHELLY CARENZA  
AT ME MAM'S, KYLIE MARIE'S LEFT AT  
NANNAS, THE LITTLE BABIES LEFT AT  
YEM WITH SOME COLA CUBES, BUT HE CANNAT  
WALK, SUR IT'S AALDEET, AND BROCKEN  
CAPREE GHIA'S DOON THE PUB WITH IT'S  
FATHA...



THE TRIPLETS WUH IN CARE  
LAST I HEARD...

OH-AND IT'S ABERNATHY  
MARIE'S LAST DAY AT SCHOOL

HAD IT- THAT MEANS IT'S **OUR** LAST  
DAY IN SCHOOL AN' AALL.

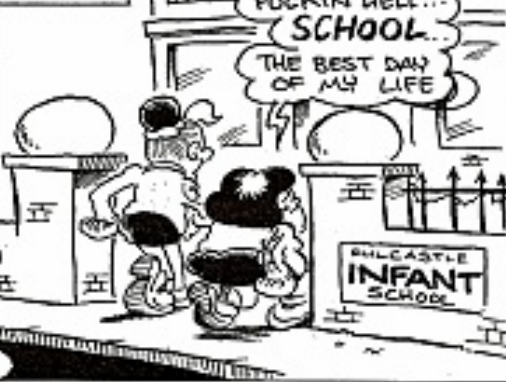


FUCKIN' HELL,  
AYE, WE'D BEST BAN, AAN CANNAT  
AFFORD TU GET EXPELLED, ELSE  
THEY'LL STOP GIVIN' ME MAM  
THE MONEY WHAT  
AAN NICK OUT HER PURSE!

DO YER  
KNA HOW TO  
GET TU  
SCHOOL?

AH THINK AAN CAN REMEMBER  
FROM THE LAST TIME AAN WAS THERE

AND SO...



FUCKIN' HELL...  
**SCHOOL...**  
THE BEST DAY  
OF MY LIFE

WULCASTLE  
INFANT  
SCHOOL



**HOO RAGGYTASCH!**

**STOP!**

**HOY!**

**PORT!**

I SEE YOUR BEHNIOUR NOW  
IS JUST AS IMMATURE AS IT  
WAS THEN



**IMMA-CHOOORE-UH?**

DINNAT CAAL ME IMMA-CHOOORE-UH  
RAGGYTASCH. AANVE HAD MORE  
COCKS THAN YERNE HAD  
HOT DINNAS

**GET OUT! GET OUT! NEVER  
DARKEN THIS SCHOOL AGAIN!!**



HERE-WE DON'T WANT TU  
FUCKIN' COME ANTHOO  
SCHOOL'S SHIT!

AAN'M NEVAH STEPPIN' FOOT IN  
SCHOOL BUNAH AGAIN, NOT EVEN IF  
YUH FUCKIN' BEGGED US TO



WHAT IS THE MEANIN' DUNNIT RAGGE MAN?  
OF THIS?

WE DUNNIT GOING TO EGG  
YUH, BUT WE NEVAH HAD  
NEW EGGS, SUR WE THOUGHT  
WE'D BRICK YUH

AYE

IT'S THE LAST  
DAY-IT'S AALDEET



OH, I REMEMBER YOU. YOU CAME HERE  
TEN YEARS AGO. WENT OUT TO THE  
TOILET HALFDAY THROUGH REGISTRATION  
AND NEVER CAME BACK

AYE, YUH WAS  
INSULTIN' ME FUCKIN'  
INTELEGENCIA

AYE

THE NEXT DAY...



DUMPH DUMPH DUMPH  
DUMPH! DOOBA DOOBA!  
DOOBA DOOBA DOOBA!  
DUMPH DUMPH DUMPH  
DUMPH! DOOBA DOOBA!

THIRTY YEARS LATER...



DUMPH DUMPH DUMPH  
DUMPH! DOOBA DOOBA!  
DOOBA DOOBA DOOBA!  
DUMPH DUMPH DUMPH  
DUMPH! DOOBA DOOBA!